

Gabi Losoncy



# Second Person

Amphetamine Sulphate



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## Second Person

I have wanted, I think, sincerely but in futility, to make this book a sort of guide, a replicable guide for other people to direct their thoughts and feelings that are or feel worthless into a manifestable material substance, because I strongly wish for others to be able to direct their thoughts and feelings in a way that makes life worth living without facile stumbling blocks or with a feeling of non-manifestation or terror at death without production of substance, with the understanding that production of substance also involves an emotional exactitude that even most production does not do, but I am realizing that by my own standards such a book doesn't speak to the total ductility of ideas that makes me feel so truly happy and comfortable and capable in relation to the world, and so to enforce such a concept on the book would be sort of sick. I think my personal use value, what I am capable of offering you, the reader, or others, is this: I am a young person who has a complete dedication to absolute life living, doing it in a way that involves total exactness in relation to my feelings, experiencing insecurity or difficulty as it occurs but in a way that directly relates to the root issue, that of promoting the absolute best life, the best world, not only for myself but for others in a way that is in accordance with my strengths and also what I am personally capable of doing. I am interested in looking at all the amorphous shapes that occur around everyone—intentions, pains, meanings, histories—and tightening the focus on those, instead of what is said, in order to produce a world that at least has more productive problems than the world we exist in now. This means failure and closure as much as it means anything else. Regardless, it is what I need to do, it is sort of all I do, and I would like to share it with you.

I want to be clear that I do not see art in this schema as a therapeutic tool. Communication and conveyance are, in a way, therapeutic, in the sense that a self-motivated production of an outwardly propelled internal concept feels good, when it's accurate. But the opportunity to feel good or at least feel accurate should not be relegated to art. Instead, art is lucky that it gets access to such conveyances. I think what is neat about art is it can program-ize the extrapolation process of feeling. I am thinking about the daguerreotype image of a horse running. What is neat about this is once we admit to the reality of another's internal process, everything has meaning. That in itself is tremendously entertaining. The main idea for me in this is that there is some sort of current process present, some feeling that is going on. Two examples of this occurring in presently existing art are vaudeville and female blues artists of the 20s. The gag may be that someone is getting money stolen from them, or they're being insulted. In the blues, there is a present misery that is happening, that the artist is telling you about it; essentially, she is standing there complaining. The delivery of these routines binds to the walls of these feelings.

The major thing for me is this visceral image of volume. Volume is a thing that begins to get felt as soon as a sense of too much is perceived. This can happen at different levels for different people. But the sense that something is too much is what I want to focus on. I perceive a few things going on with this sense.

- 1) The person shutting out is exhibiting an executive desire.
- 2) The person is demonstrating an opinion about what is experientially correct.
- 3) This is a desire which finds its footing, meaningfully, on aesthetic terms.

I do not think this is a bad thing. In fact, obviously, we have to do it in order to exist. But isn't that in itself fun? That this aesthetic-executive function is the barrier between us and pure input?

These perceptive functions are perhaps the chief thing in the world that interests me, in all ways, and I think there's a lot that can be taken from it. I think there is vast illustrative quality that can come from pushing one's feelings. Through a check at all stages of a process, observation can be better and more accurately understood, can be ascertained more meaningfully, and through each storm there is heightened magnanimity and compassion that becomes its own gift.

I think the ability to reject, too, is an acquisition. The invertive quality of it is already a positive, though having an eye to the consequence and not allowing existence to occur at the end of one's rejections is, without being too pushy, in this author's view, advisable.

I think the necessary conclusion I've often drawn from this process, and indeed why it is a process itself, is because I regard reality as it is conceived of generally as *stupid*. The degree to which others are able to limit themselves unknowingly in order to accommodate their realities has mean to me that I have the liberty to negotiate mine actively, though it is a lot of work. I take this generally to mean intensive study, an essentially perpetual period of inward examination and change, and emotional involvement with instability, producing very small amounts of personal clarity but a wealth of clarity towards the world. While I could and have existed in another manner, it is unpleasant to do so, it wastes time and I still carry with me all the hallmarks of mental illness, mental illness here being distinguished from being a brat due to the apparently external end of the petulance or anxieties. So, instead, I do this: Essentially the way I see it, I have rotated my field of vision from the close-interpersonal or medium-interpersonal to the frame characterized by an interest in understanding questions that arise in those frames. When I am focused on social interactions, the results are very disturbing. Essentially, I experience a sort of body-out-of-body or second-self sense that I choose not to focus on much, because I've come to understand that for me the social interaction has often been a site of an enforced second self and so it makes sense that this would occur. This process, and definitely the way I act when I think about it and am confronted with it, is *annoying*.

There are many times when I have been confronted with the fact that, on the whole, I have an interest in *irritants*, in those thresholds of behavior that make people leave or lose interest or faith. This often happens to people who need nothing more than to know there is someone there for them. Conversely, this feeling happens to a person following their conscience or sense of self watching a person who is successful by some standard but who they dislike, an anger at the opinions of others you are unable to stop.

Anything can have meaning, obviously. Everything does have meaning. I feel like the idea of focusing your gaze on something just because other people are looking at it is trash, unless you have some special insight to bring to it or are undergoing a sort of journeyman process to bring insight to it. If one desires to participate in something that many are focusing their gaze on, one would do well to actually engage with it, at all, at any level.

But this too is an irritant. I think anything that happens more than once is an irritant, or at least the beginning of one. I think that within this process there is a sub-process worth concerning.

A major concept for me is the one that, in relation to the world, what we feel often does not make sense. I don't really mean like "We do things that hurt us"—I feel like this is generally symptomatic of the problem, which is that we don't have a great sense of what it is we want sometimes, because feelings can be so strange and are so out of step with what we expect them to be. Often this becomes more complex because then some people might feel sad that those feelings are out of step, or other people might reallocate feelings to an identity source still outside of themselves that aligns most closely to what they feel, or whatever. I don't really care about whatever people do about this feeling, people have different ways of coping with feelings, and I feel like understanding the relationship between those actions and what people feel and the disentangling of them is the province of experimental research and high training and experience, which I do not claim to have. What I really care about here is the fact that when you actually focus on your feelings and your instincts, you learn a lot.

A corollary of this is it becomes exciting when other people focus on their feelings and their instincts instead of it being a reason to get angry at somebody.

Taking on this orientation presupposes a relatively negative view of the given substance of your life. I think this is generally advantageous, however, because these are the people who are most likely not to feel moored to any prior source and probably the people who are most likely to be unhappy or depressed or manipulative. To take one's feeling unmoored from the stuff of your reality and transform it into a better, more sophisticated position of interaction is then doubly useful: it adds to the world people with intention and drive and deprives the world of people who are resentful. Bereftitude can emanate out from any number of sources. It is my suggestion that by suggesting the special responsibility of those who experience extra-life anxiety or whatever kind of distemperament there too is a twofold challenge: maybe you don't want to deal with it, in which case suck it up, or maybe you do, in which case put yourself into drive and begin considering more fully your worldview and what your needs and their complements are.

I think a lot about the part that creativity plays in this, because I personally am driven, libidinally, to the infinite unfolding of constant talk about myself, which is a behavior that has no real place in the world. What this is, in my mind, is a sort of water rapid of content, constantly changing while constantly staying the same, which I have learned to moderate in my work-life through professionalism and in my private life through broad avoidance of pleasure interaction. I have evaluated my needs and realized that I prefer to operate onanistically, which includes many other uses of my time like reading or engaging in applied use of my standards through pleasant interaction with strangers or private observation and meditation. Because I refuse to stop being in a heightened state in relation to myself, I am able to enjoy many positive experiences I would miss out on if I were not operating with an in-built, constant pleasurable diversion of being myself in my body all the time.

There are so many processes and experiences that have no useful place in the world. For example, here is one process that exists in me. It's worked this way for as long as I can remember it. It involves extreme, deep entrenchment in one idea or concept, never exactly making peace with the idea as it exists in the world outside of me, accompanied by absolute rejection of everything else, until something happens, the flower wilts, and I move on, persistent only in my totalizing rejection, except with this new thing.

The key concept with this pattern, the main discernable reality about this deepest part of myself, and many other parts of myself, is that it's *annoying*. It's predictable and unpredictable at the same time, in ways converse to useful investment of others. It's a teenager liking a pop star, but the object of interest is not something designated as a receptacle for that kind of feeling. It is directed at a thing that typically fancies itself pretty unimpeachable, or fixed, perhaps not having a *high* opinion about itself but at least fancying itself as being a comprehensible entity over the long haul, but often once I feel I have as much of a grip on something that I am going to get, or am able to get given my level of development at that moment, I carousel myself to something else.

This could easily become, in turn, the sort of thing that plagues a person through their life in small ways. People's perception of mental illness or dissonance on the level of person-to-person intercourse is no joke. However, the alternative to having such attributes on my person and in my life is not worth it. Such things are fun, and they also allow me to see with my own eyes instead of with the eyes of a mediated social middleman. I can evaluate another person's monomania from the perspective of my own, I can approach the world without the sort of resentment that a person has when they are required to change an integral part of themselves. To me having clarity is more important than having cohesion.

What this does translate to, though, is a sense of rate, an awareness of duration, and an awareness of how a duration may be "decorated," so to speak.

I think art can be seen as a mediator for a sort of self-directed proportional management of your life, wherein control can be exerted on exactly how things are done and when you do them. This can help facilitate looking at the world descriptively instead of in terms of "second thoughts" refracting off the first.

When a structure is suggested, allow the structure to attempt to build itself. If it does not, it knows it cannot. It is about trust and respect. If it can, however, you get to see something new. That itself is to be cherished. Let itself build its own house.

An interesting challenge to me has been producing an anechoic environment in which to feel the way I do. Despite the very thing I am preoccupied with being the pleasure of feeling without the baggage of assumption of co-occurring other feelings (insecurity, but not *that* insecurity), I often have become absolutely riddled in the door by the probability that I am misunderstood. This becomes its own anxiety, one which completely contradicts the purpose of the first. Because the pleasure I take in actions involves a volume so great that it is completely not worth describing to another, and often stays before language merely to be the pleasure of the assemblage I have gathered together and held with me over the course of my lifetime and which necessarily no one can fully share, except in the language of assembly.

In times before when I have attempted to write these thoughts down they have often become saddled with the concept of illness itself, when the very and perhaps only thing here which I am truly trying to express is that most of what is conceived of as illness is not illness, the operation within the lines of your own particularity not being illness at all, but instead being the very thing itself. In fact, removing that concept, that there is an unhealth to anything I do or think about, instantly reveals to me my real intentions and feelings. If I sit with the idea of unhealth because I feel if I give or reveal too much, then I am intruding, then my thoughts become impossible, Byzantine mazes, with no value to anyone (though with some pleasure in beholding, though I would say it's of limited value, mostly worthwhile as an empathetic tool, and remembering that one feels that way in itself can always be cherished).

I can't help but feel like there is such a tremendous fear of sitting directly with one's own feeling. Why does one feel this way? Why does one want something, why does one care? By eliminating the space between one's desire and one's actions, you leave the excess space to do other things. Everything occupies a certain space. By figuring out what you want that space to contain, having fun with it, you eliminate the opportunity for others or others in you to use it for their own needs or for an artificial composite need. That becomes yours. The better you are at using it, the better you become at protecting it, and the better you are at protecting it, the better you become.

When one places a personal emphasis on personal evidence and equanimity, you relieve a huge amount of general pressure from yourself. Instead of being forced to negotiate with general perceptions, you liberate for yourself the entirety of behavior, instead of constantly being preoccupied with beyond and before behavior. You can occupy each moment as your own statutory. You cannot do this if you harbor prior biases. It is impossible because you are thrust into the realm of historical-literary abstracts, mostly (when you look closely) your own and as a result of your own insecurities. I am talking both with people who you see as having "more power" and "less power" than you, which, if you were to "come to the board" and copy down every bit of information you have on this front, would reveal such an entropic display of differing ideas that it would be impossible to do anything coherently based on prioritizing clarity of the moment.

I speak a lot in abstracts because there is no proper language to describe what is attained by proceeding like I have. There are positive side effects, but it's also a lot of work, work that never ends, and it can only be proceeded with according to one's own feelings. I see it essentially as being a state of constant pleasure and arousal. It is sexually pleasurable to be in intercourse with your surroundings, to be able to render definitive (for the moment) judgement but know it is private and subjective, to experience the world. Some of the joy is being in a moment of conflict and succeeding well, or better than you would have, but the greatest joy is constant awareness. I see no joy in assimilation, but what ought to divide is the greater interest in the environment and surroundings, not just on a mechanical level (though this is essential, after some level of interaction, because it allows you not to pretend you live in fairy-land and to actually start solving and being a repository of casual information that is useful) but also an awareness that when you interact with one who is doing the same sort of work, there ought to be a celebration and union with the person, and an interaction on the level of comparing pleasurable interactions and vistas. As I write this, thinking about this, I am wet with excitement. To create strategies to metabolize in the best possible way your environment is the greatest pleasure.



Although I have at times (and continue to, depending on the interpretive circumstance, because there is truth in it) explained a prior deference to the tendencies of others in terms of insecurity or a sense of personal impossibility, I have always been a person inclined toward tactical secret keeping. I think this may have the most to do with a coding difficulty, or a resistance to coding. It is apparent that there are innumerable ways of looking at a situation, and when I have a strong feeling I will share it, but often my strongest feeling of all is that I want as much information as I can get, as I am not very often the most knowledgeable person, and I am never the most knowledgeable person about the other person.



I have a theoretical concept that has been with me since I was a teenager. I call it "fuck everyone in the house." I got it from pornography. The concept is meant to illustrate multiple deep empathy. If a person is to be understood, they are to be understood completely.

Thus, you immerse yourself fully, essentially drowning yourself, until you hear inside you the reason you have for saving yourself, illuminating your special reason for being, what you can offer, what others have to offer, what meaning there is. Thus, you basically lower yourself into a situation you have no or little knowledge of, which can be another person's psychological frame or a full institution, or whatever, and you understand it, not from the place of a secondary or tertiary capitulation, and certainly still a partial understanding, but at least the partial understanding of yourself, instead of that of another.

A target experience of this is education. If one starts with the understanding that the world is an entropic accumulation of data of different kinds, one is essentially correct from that perspective. However, by engaging at eye level with different experiences, you slowly accumulate to hear the sounds of the experience, and can at least communicate about it so then over time you can be progressively understanding it better even as the process continues a million times in a million places. Thus you are gaining comprehension in the way a person may gain comprehension of art or music, which opens the door to communication. These bonds cannot be overstated in their value.



I think, overall, there is a hesitation to willingly subdivide the self.

The more of you there are, the better off we are.

So, why? Why would a person want to do this? I guess a major part of it for me is that I see no other proper choice. In many ways I am trash, but so are many others. By creating a system wherein the self operates as a change agent, accompanied by all the decoration that requires, on one hand, and on the other, a person possessed of all of one's regulatory failures, the animal self, so to speak. They push each other, both with meaning, both real, both growing. As I grow up and I find different homes for all my vagaries, I wonder about this need. I wonder about choices I made that emerged from perspectives impacted by this view of reality. Without dwelling too much on this I would say without question that the decisions have put me in a position where I am proud of my exactness, which is forever growing, and can use any poor decisions as earmarks of a negative tendency or perspective I know to avoid.

Where before I have felt the same feelings, contempt at imprecision and a boundless and temporary love of the voice of desire inside me, with no real outlet, but as I fed this side, the other side gained an increasing ability to understand precisely why I was upset or rejected something.

The advancements necessarily involve exposure of weakness, essentially in a flat plane. You can't take just the good without the bad, though I can say I am doing hyperbolically better than when I began.

There's a special stall I feel now—an absoluteness of my own exactness. I still feel an extreme propulsion forward and toward things, but in a way totally native to myself. It moves at my own rate. I feel no call except the one emerging from my own brain, which means when others feel, I can understand it as being native to them, not a projection of my own brain, unless I desire out of pleasure or as a game I want to play to raise my heart rate.

It feels worth mentioning that I have no capacity to be an enjoyable presence to those who meet me from my space of privacy. It is like this book: it never ends. A descent into privacy you do not want. With some exceptions, the sort of person who is delighted at its face value does not understand it. Other than that, I just barely exist to other people. The things I put my time into have no proper use to other people, in an object-way—I would say they have tremendous value in terms of interpersonal interchange, be it a substantive one or either party making the decision not to have an interchange. But, on the level of object, I offer nothing. What I do like to offer, and I do feel I can share, is an exact demonstration of myself, at what I assess to be my peak cuteness, because I feel like that has an educational function of a kind, and it's a good lozenge for other things.

You allocate a beat or duration or musical signature to a sort of meaning, then watch it happen before you. You eliminate alternatives to the desired behavior. You become terribly honest about the pig who emerged in self-centeredness, but also about the nature of the affective tradecraft you are engaged in already. You find something that allows you to apply that affective experience exactly. You further eliminate alternatives as you grow and learn to acknowledge them. Ideally, nothing really changes to the outside viewer. For a bunch of outside shit to change would suggest that radical self-improvement involves you moving into another person's identikit, and it really doesn't. It's a lot more useful to everyone for you to remain you, to work and read and think about you. Like the man who sucks his own dick, you become self-sustaining, and don't get bored, and don't get tired except in a physical way. If you can remain you, everyone else can remain everyone else, changing not on a level of requisite "in order to..." but because you've decided that in order to remain exact, the next order of business is to change. Theory can't do that. It can help you better understand the context of history, and (crucially) when you recognize what is going on with you in it it can

give you a powerful and convivial sense of partnership of a remarkably smart person who has spent years thinking about an idea, and (also crucially) it gives you a proper sense of the enormous pantheon of ideas, which apply in all different ways but really ought to be recognized as in on millions instead of as a guidepost one encounters in the process of life that can be taken as a proper interpretive measure, often to the extent that people who first encounter a self-evident fact in writing in the context of a theory will attribute that self evident fact TO the theoretical perspective. It is an enduring "pressure valve" concept to me (that is, I often turn to it as a form of solace to move forward with optimism) to imagine everyone engaging in active investigation of everything around them, thus limiting the degree to which people can fuck around and say shit. I think it's about as true as anything else that everybody, if you catch them in the right hue, likes to investigate things, they just might not like the people associated with investigation.

Regardless of what one's take on the science or metaphysics of identity is, a person who is chronically unable to say what they think has something very similar to a "true self." If this is everybody, then I am referring to everybody. I am unconcerned with whether this is everyone or only some people, but there is pleasure that can be taken from either situation.

This is an ongoing process. My major present challenges are becoming a truly good daughter to my mother and managing myself. Last night I had a dream that through the seduction of a prestigious organization I became stuck in a cult. I analyzed whether I am currently at risk for such a thing, and I figured out that the answer was no. However, I think the dream was important, because it reminded me that I have a weakness for acclaim and also a latent desire to remove myself from life through histrionic responses. Although I am not currently at risk for joining a cult, because of my character the possibility is always there.

Separating what is important to me from subject-driven, agonistic responses is a long-term struggle, but is completely essential to me being at peace with myself. This comes, I believe, from my relationship to things, and the fact that you can have many feelings about something, behave towards it differently, challenge it, be ambivalent towards it. When you read about something online, or encounter difficult ideologies, the very variety they produce has in the course of life been a very seductive force, particularly because above all else I felt the *object* of disagreement with what I saw around me. I would be interested and sensitive to those things which struck me most deeply, but I would often see the reactions to them that were most ridiculous, because that is what one encounters often initially upon looking for information about something. However, often the dilettante for the objectionable has the most prominent say in something, while those with experience of real sensitivity toil in relative quiet because meaningful things are too complex to explain. I think an

important question is how to produce a compelling and resonant voice to sing along with complexity and sensitivity, and I think that is one very meaningful use of the ability to distend or split off one's thoughts.

People who are creative have a remarkable capacity for darkness.

In reality, I am just barely functional. I am able to do things as they need to be done, but I will cheat when I find it to be possible to do so. It has taken me a long time to even possess actual memory recall, and I am much too inattentive and lazy to succeed in school or most work environments. What I do like, and enjoy learning, and can get as a job, is interacting with people.

Very sensitive, very special girl, to recoil at any netting, for no netting has ever been there. There are disparate experiences with no netting, but this is wonderful, because this means the experiences can be put together in a way that evinces a more powerful and durable utility than anything that being exposed to extant processes could do.

There is a series of accommodative projects with between them the quiet or the unquiet sittings of the self, and it is in those spaces I locate myself, but it can be difficult to associate yourself with spaces. It can be a project of real instability to do so.

## Show Piece For Neutral, March 2017

I had questions about what to say today, ultimately I think what I wanted to be conveyed to you has stayed pretty much the same, though, and it's really a matter of making sure it all gets conveyed, because I can't imagine I will have before me again an audience assembled whose names and faces I don't seldom know, creating as it does the aura of acquaintance, the heavy inward breath of the time prior to becoming familiar with someone, with the period marked out as 'prior' perhaps lasting forever. I seek this forever.

I have gone there, and what have I found? Humor, perhaps sharper than mine, but resinous with prior use, an agreement that we will assert the joke or the use of language as a matter of belonging, so that all the knives assert sharpness as a result of there being so many side by side with one another. Men, whose charms may or may not be inaccessible to me, who are sublime masters of this form, glorious in their attributes, each of you I desire to touch on the face, run my hand down your cheek. These are the things I will find.

Though I speak of myself as a non-participant, this is only barely true, only true on the level of day-to-day involvement, or the sort of involvement that involves you knowing me, me being a person who is talked to and then talks in return.

I even share a culture with some of you, I share a language. The language is an outgrowth, I think, of being raised with the multiplicity of the internet, and, perhaps or perhaps not, the perception from childhood of there being a certain infinity of resources. This creates a certain sense, that the presented or

prevailing opinion, whatever it may be, is incorrect. This is the culture. It is from my life with this culture that I speak to you today.

In the whole world, nothing sends me into the realm of non-capacity like dealing with those whose interests are like mine, almost like mine. To have the arrangements made in solitude remain in place in public is impossible. Sometimes I am objectively right but often these boundaries are pliant, taste becomes the issue. I seek taste undisturbed. The very notion of the many together means many tastes together, many of poor or still-developing quality and the taste itself is hardly the issue, it's the issue of the culture together, the whole thing, to which each person gives considerable mental energy. In this capacity I am considered fine, but I despise the disregard of social competency.

Many people in my culture do not have a similar problem, and indeed find respite in human friendship. Others certainly do not, but one gets the sense that this is perceived by them as a failing. I think for those in my culture knowledge that one could possess friends is important, but the possession itself is probably best avoided.

Inside me another person exists who does like these things. A visual representation of how the two connect would be only a poor and misleading image, because they do not physically exist. I have no idea what their proportions are in relation to each other, if they are separate or the same. I know it isn't repression, as the cynical may suggest.

It's as if my will is reaching out to check occasionally that it's still impossible to get inside the soul so quickly, and that I don't need what is there. Unfortunately there is the indignity of trying. This stays with me somehow more permanently than the period of time I spend alone, not because I prefer it, but because I have

implicated myself in a pattern of existence that bears the impression of preferability, then it appears I run away.

When in these situations my pulse races or slows down, identity dissolves. It's a shame because identity and its practice is the only thing I am proud of. To have less than a total grip on my experience, I immediately feel integrated and as if I possess mutual guilt for the situation of physical and mental laziness I find myself in. It's startling how it happens. I think some kind of presumed mark of the 'artist', what that means, and how the artist is expected to behave exists as a perceived virus that is totally congenital and absolutely cannot be changed regardless of what you do so 'don't do anything besides be like this' is firmly entrenched in a lot of people's minds. Do you realize that languor is the expressed goal of the present system, through perpetual material recreation or through lacking defined meaning, self-defined or otherwise?

I couldn't imagine a situation in which dealing with another person, another human being just like yourself, on more than the barest level, could be easy. I pour affection over my acquaintances. I bring them beside me, I hold them close, but I do not let them in. Is this what it's like for you with your friends? What is inside you?

If I could reach inside each of your hearts, I would. I would love to know about you, but in a way that has no actual appeal to people as a connection except for very, very few. In this capacity I am even still growing, as I learn to navigate my world productively and amicably, though my desire is full grown. I then take your contents with me.

Already without knowing you the feelings are so strong, only through the internet, and perhaps if I did know they would be less phantasmagoric, a burden in my neck, this occasional feeling of

hate. But I cannot. The questions that make up the balance are too stupid, the day-to-day too banal. I can't even imagine it.

I cannot begin to know what motivates you. It must be less sinister or less blatant than what motivates me in similar situations, because it produces net positive effects. I suppose to those similarly minded your purity of intent or equal ratios of types of intent are admirable.

Why do I regard you with such intense dislike? I think it's probably because of age and relative similarity. I think you're all weak because you are all clearly densely concentrated with internal preoccupations other than the joy of friendship and yet you need other people to support your identities and to enjoy yourself. The thrill of the composition should be enough. You don't physically need to interact with anyone on such a level in your day-to-day life. Every time I have tried to believe there is use beyond composition, I have been wrong.

As a side note, I have no love either for those who are more likely properly my contemporaries, people from the internet who also demand so much and then insult when their impossible desire is not received. They are unfinished, and may be for the rest of their lives. I hate them.

To describe my experience as disappointing is probably not accurate, as I suspend my instinctive sense to come here. I always know what I am doing. I have, at different points, wanted it very much. It probably speaks personally well of me to me that at this point my soul hardens at the prospect of communication where I know I best not go, the sense that I no longer feel quite as strong a desire to produce a situation I will later regret, but the opposite happens as well. At the prospect of interacting with any of you I lose my footing, perhaps because of the indignity of prior interaction, the production of general complicity that is assumed

through any level of participation, and so I don't know how to proceed. This confusion is present only in this component of my life. Why is this? Why must I continue to regard a group of people I personally dislike as my peers? Why indeed. Do I consider you my peers? Is that what it is? Or is it because of the closeness I feel to you that I create the impression that peership is being conferred from the other side, even in circumstances where I have proof that it isn't, or that at this point it isn't?

Nor is it the connection of my culture to some of yours. I am forever shaped by that line of thinking but I regard best practice as enquiry instead of bold, punctuated statement, because absolutely no answer or idea arrived at glibly or easily has ever been correct, in the entire history of time.

The world is made of a many, however, and we all work together to produce the ecology that is our present. It's a matter of situating yourself in a situation that you feel befits how you want others to look at you, as all things are now defined from the top down, language delineates virtually every object as it comes into being, unless you are a naïve aspirant to any situation, in which it will appear that an unofficial institution is seductive and mysterious and positive. With that people then take on the task of writing the top for the induction of the bottom. Just know one is constantly contributing to a circumstance in which current positioning is hardening or one can contribute to it being loosened.

As another side note, do you know that there are people in this world that regard this scene, Vitrine, what I do as hegemonic structures? You may laugh but this is the way things work now. Relative validity is conferred by personal sense of worth, pushed through the haunted chamber of the internet, which produces an auditorium quality to original meaning. I think the lesson of how voices carry on the internet is a significant one.

Every time you hit a wall, you learn. Every time you do something someone doesn't expect, you learn. The people who write the shape of the thing from the outside will then have to adapt, and if you keep moving so quickly and with increasing definitiveness, even if those moves don't take place in the circumstance of event of physical action, that is a situation that requires recalibration. If you learn to trust your gut, your gut will become better and you will end up doing things you didn't think you were capable of before. There are still lots of things that can be done, and many can be done by you.



"I have wanted, I think, sincerely but in futility, to make this book a sort of guide, a replicable guide for other people to direct their thoughts and feelings that are or feel worthless into a manifestable material substance, because I strongly wish for others to be able to direct their thoughts and feelings in a way that makes life worth living without facile stumbling blocks or with a feeling of non-manifestation or terror at death without production of substance, with the understanding that production of substance also involves an emotional exactitude that even most production does not do, but I am realizing that by my own standards such a book doesn't speak to the total ductility of ideas that makes me feel so truly happy and comfortable and capable in relation to the world, and so to enforce such a concept on the book would be sort of sick."